

IN MEMORIAM.



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EMALINE ALATHEA, *Scholar*

(DIED DECEMBER 19TH, 1876.)

Wm. Jones

DAUGHTER OF

REV. CHARLES & C. P. JONES.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM:

1877.

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IN MEMORIAM.

The following brief statements are made as the merest outline of the life and character of one dearly beloved. Emaline Alathea, daughter of the Rev. Charles and Calsina P. Jones, beautifully passed away from earth to heaven, at the residence of her husband, Dr. G. S. Eddy, in Fall River, Mass., on Tuesday evening Dec. 19th, 1876. Her pastor, Rev. M. Burnham, says concerning her, that during a life of some five or six years among us, her character constantly grew upon all who became acquainted with her. And manifestly for the last three years of her life — much of it a struggle for existence — she has rapidly ripened for the better land where there is no more death, or pain, or tears. Her last Sabbath on earth — only two days before her death — found her in the house of God; but the effort and the severe chill received, proved too much for her delicate frame. A rapid congestion

set in, and on Tuesday evening she passed away. She was not taken by surprise. She had long been ready, and had made her plans for such an hour. As she thought of the dear ones who so much needed her, she sought perfect resignation to the will of God, and found in her Savior the strength and the comfort she needed. She was satisfied in the disposition made of her children, and was at rest. A beloved physician who had for several months been daily at her family table, and had frequent opportunities of observing her bearing, speaks of her patience, kindliness and prudence of speech as being remarkable. He adds that she drew upon the confidence, love and high esteem of the people to an extent he never saw equalled by any one in the same space of time.

Mrs. E. was born Nov. 7th, 1843. She was twice married. She left behind two sons. Sunny in her nature and rich in hopes, she had anticipated many and beneficent things, not only for her own house, but especially for her parents. Her words of cheer for them were frequent and hearty. But in many regards her lot was one of disappointment; and the bright sky of her childhood and youthful days became overclouded. Still, she was hopeful, and never did let go

her joyful anticipations as to this life, till she was compelled to do so by the advancing ravages of disease. A constitution — in her young life all strong and vigorous — was sapped and undermined at a later day. And so, *relatively early*, her heart came to appropriate to herself the joys of her Savior's love more entirely, and to hold with less tenacity the earthly hopes and plans she had entertained.

She was a rare and precious gift; and the words of memorial,—which are simple truth to those who knew her best,—may seem overcolored to the eyes of strangers. Her parents speak of her as uniformly obedient; and her whole life was as singularly elevated and exceptional. She was sweet tempered, gentle and affectionate. Even as a child she always hid away her grief and carried a face of sunshine. She carefully aimed not to grieve her parents; yet, she had a deep, quiet firmness of purpose that gave enduring strength to all the beautiful traits of her character. She was conscientious and faithful; and endowed with the finest gifts and graces which fall to the lot of woman. She was lovely in character, and grew up to be in her young womanhood all that the heart of her parents could desire.

She early developed a rare talent for music. She caught and sang sacred songs and tunes as early as two and a half years of age. At six and a half she was a pupil, taking lessons on the piano ; at ten, she practiced four hours per day. It was a rich treat in succeeding years, to listen to her voice of rare compass, mingling with the tones of her instrument. Her parents and friends enjoyed those hours. Especially did they delight to listen to herself and sister as they sang and performed duets.

She very early had a deep, clear religious experience. At eight years of age she joined the Church to which her father ministered ; and ever after maintained her Christian faith and life steadfastly. Hers was a rare and precious soul, a heavenly lily, fragrant with the sunset graciousness of the highest and finest of earth. Truly she was one of the pure in heart, and as free from any moral stain as the lot of mortals here may be. In knowing her one began to learn what earth may hold and heaven will possess. But the finest gifts God sometimes takes the earliest to himself. Repeated attacks of pneumonia undermined her remaining health, and hastened that departure for which, though she was ready, we never could be. The great tenacity

and endurance of her life, and her cheerful spirit and strong purpose withal, enabled her to continue with us for months, when a less persistent soul would have ceased from the effort.

She was royal in her nature, and if we shall supplement the real Christian woman with the portrait of a "*virtuous*" one, as contained in the last twenty-two verses of the last chapter of Proverbs, we have herself faithfully set forth. She much enjoyed the renewed and well furnished home provided by her husband, and into which they moved some months before her death.

Finally, she fell asleep without a struggle or a sigh.

At home. For thou hast reached,
 At length, thro' wearying toils and sighs and pains,
 The far-off shore our faith so dimly sees,
 Looking thro' tears. The pearly gates, flung wide
 To welcome thee, are passed; the threshold passed
 Of thine own mansion—one of the "many," full prepared
 And waiting to receive thee. Blessed state!
 The long-sought rest! the higher, purer life
 Fraught with celestial good, and all secure
 From every ill. Home at last!
 At last.

Her mother arriving a half hour before the end, was recognized, and a few words passed between them.

The dying one spoke of further opportunity for converse. That will be enjoyed in the land beyond the flood. For her all is well—peace!—for which she would, were she here, as we who remain do, ascribe all the glory and praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. For us there are precious memories of what she was, coupled with the lengthening grief for the loss of what might have been could she have lived out a full life. But our rejoicing is that now she sees her Lord face to face and will no more go out for ever. May we who remain, leaning on the Beloved, press forward to the end of our journey.



